HOW TO ECONOMISE. SEE COUPON—PAGE 15.

JOHN BULL

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[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

077519

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by
HORATIO
BOTTOMLEY

KITCHENER'S MURDER REVEALED

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

It is illegal to make the purchase of other goods a condition of supplying

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The increased demand for it is such that we have invited the Trade first to consider the normal wants of their regular customers using the milk for infant feeding. It has been so largely used for 50 years as an infant's complete diet, that it becomes of national importance to

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Cash Price 11½d. Per Tin

Nestlé's, 6-8 Eastcheap, E.C. 3

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"Jack's home on leave. We're to be married at last. We're going to spend the honeymoon, all by our little selves, in a brand new home of our own! I've just been getting the furniture—the loveliest you ever saw. And a perfect miracle of cheapness!" You can get that furniture straight away, without drawing on your investments, without paying a single penny beyond the bedrock marked prices. No interest, no extras whatsoever. That is what the **Midland Ideal Terms** place within your reach to-day. Come to the Midland and see for yourself.

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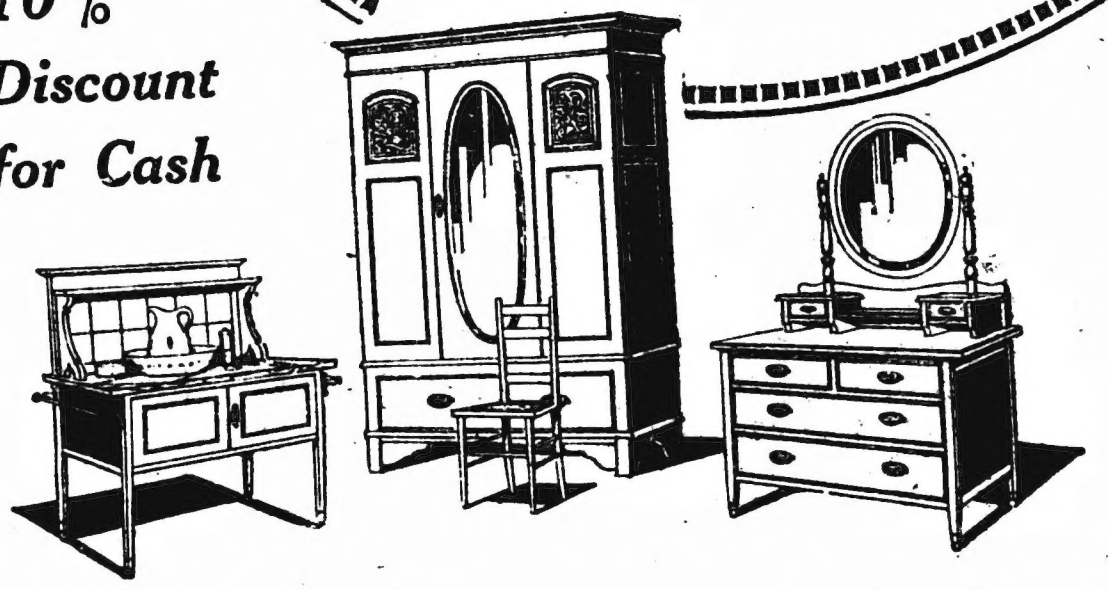

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each month a
BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE.
Bright, helpful, interesting, and amusing. Just fits the pocket.
Mention No. 12 on Coupon below.

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15
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followed by small monthly subscriptions you can receive carriage paid the seven sumptuous volumes now ready of the
War Illustrated Album de-Luxe.
the supreme pictorial record of the war
A beautiful coloured booklet describing the work and the terms FREE and POST FREE.
The Educational Book Co., Ltd., 17, New Bridge St., London, E.C. 4.

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British Officers and Men (including 20 Generals) and many thousands of business men and women have benefited by a Pelman Training. Quick promotion, increased incomes, greater efficiency. Can be followed by anybody, anywhere. Recommended to his readers by the Editor of "JOHN BULL."

"What d'ye lack?"

Here are some very interesting small advertisements of prominent firms, who, owing to the paper shortage, have adopted this means of keeping the readers of "JOHN BULL" acquainted with their products. You are invited to ask for further particulars on the INFORMATION COUPON below, posting it to—
Dept. I.C., "JOHN BULL," 92, Long Acre, W.C.2.

3. **RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS.**
Why suffer! Do your pains shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to recurring catching pains? If so you should take Curicones, they cure
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Send at once for a free trial package and an interesting book, they cost you nothing—give name, address and ailment.
STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co., LTD. (W1), 19-21, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4 London.

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OF GUARANTESTED QUALITY.
LISTS FREE.
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5. **"Free Hints about your Baby"**
Send for the "Glaxo" Baby Book Free.
Glaxo
155, Great Portland St., London, W. 1

6. **Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.**
Send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of catarrh, deafness, ear noises, bronchitis, asthma. The book and usual particulars will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Write to the Sole Licensees.
JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS & SONS, LTD. (Dep. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

7. **YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE WITHOUT AN "EVER-READY" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.**
The Portable Electric Light Company, Ltd.,
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1.

8. **SAMUEL BROTHERS**
(The Famous Outfitters) LTD.
FREE Publications.
(8a) "Straight Tips for Subs." (*For Officer Cadets.*)
(8b) "Omne Tempus Raincoats." (*For All.*)
(8c) "The Seven Ages of Boyhood." (*For Juveniles.*)
LUDGATE HILL, E.C., & OXFORD CIRCUS, W.

Every admirer of
MR.
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY
should see the special offer of the Arts and Crafts Community on
INSIDE OF BACK COVER.

9. ***Shorthand***
Sloan-Duployan is the only easy system capable of high speed. The ONLY simple system used on the Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Send for free handbook with specimen lesson.—SLOAN-DUPLOYAN HEADQRS., DEPT. 32, RAMSGATE.

10. **"SWAN" PENS**

11. **A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.**
If you want to earn more—to get on in life—to attain real success—one of our books will help. Mention No. and letter indicating occupation desired.
11A Munition Work. 11G Mec. Engineering
11B Salesmanship. 11H Electrical do.
11C Advertising 11J Elec. Lighting, etc.
11D Motor Engring. 11K Wireless Telgphy
11E Industrial Chem. 11L Architecture
11F Careers for Men 11M Careers for Wom'n
I.C.S., Ltd., Kingsway, W.C.2.

INFORMATION COUPON.

Address to: Dept. I.C., "JOHN BULL," 85-94, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I am interested in the Advts. numbered*_____
Please ask the firms concerned to send me further particulars as published.

*Where different booklets are offered, mention number *and* letter.

*Name*_____
*Address in full*_____

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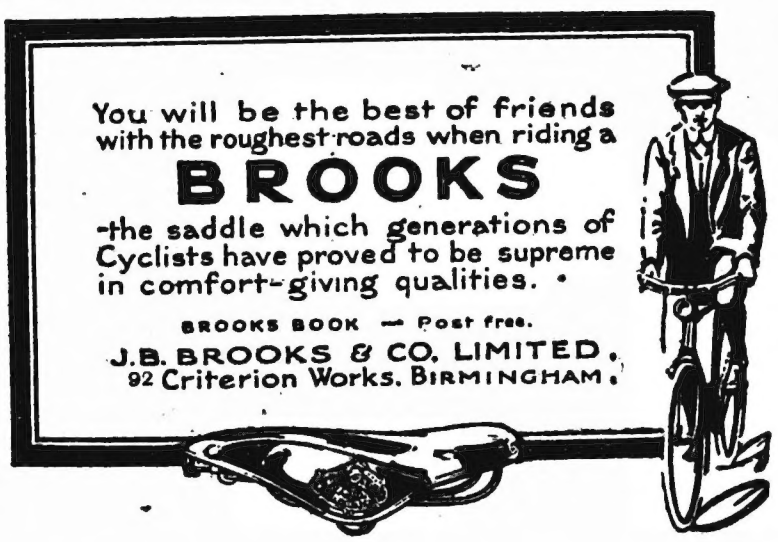
Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Lino, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.
EASY TERMS

HEALTHY WESTERLY BREEZES AT NORBRECK.
Reap to the full the benefit of Blackpool's invigorating Westerly breezes by choosing as your headquarters Norbreck Hydro. The self-contained resort is waiting to welcome you—to give you the best holiday possible. The Hydro has half a mile of sea shore in its own grounds; 350 bedrooms, hot and cold water in each, electric lifts, small tables in dining hall to seat 500, musical dinner, tennis (13 courts), bowling, croquet, clock golf, whist drives, concerts, dances, cinematograph in the evenings. All these included in the tariff. Golf in own grounds. Three billiard tables. Splendid bathing. Motor garage. Luggage free on cars from station to Hydro. Write NOW for tariff and Hydro Journal to J. H. Shorrocks, Norbreck Hydro, near Blackpool.


You will be the best of friends with the roughest roads when riding a
BROOKS
-the saddle which generations of Cyclists have proved to be supreme in comfort-giving qualities.
BROOKS BOOK — Post free.
J.B. BROOKS & CO. LIMITED,
92 Criterion Works, BIRMINGHAM.

THE VERY LATEST
BADGE BROOCHES OF THE BRITISH NAVY & ARMY
A Remarkable Production.
Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Ships' and Regimental Crests.
500 Designs are ready, which include almost every regiment in the British Army, Colonials, Territorials, Yeomanry, etc., also about 200 designs of the Ships of H. M. Fleet.
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An unique production in Solid Silver, fine enamel finish (as illustration) **2/6**
(*In velvet-lined box.*)
15-ct. Gold mounted on Bar... 42/-
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BOTLY & LEWIS,
Manufacturing Jewellers, etc. (*Established a Century*).
Actual Manufacturers. Wholesale Trade Supplied.
25, KING STREET, READING.
Send for our Illustrated Booklet, post free. 'PHONE 172.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 19.

PRIDE OF POSSESSION.

Look at the poor distorted figure of the first ill-nourished mite you pass in the street, and ask yourself—"Was the food he was fed upon cheap?" It may have cost a little money, but judged by results it was wonderfully dear.

Far better not to experiment. If from the start your baby cannot have Mother's milk give him GLAXO Dried Milk.

Glaxo is pure fresh milk with extra cream and milk sugar. Whilst the milk is sweet and fresh, before it has time to get stale or sour, it is made germ-free and dried to a powder by the Glaxo Process.

Glaxo is packed in air-tight tins. Baby is therefore not only independent of the milkman, but always has a supply of germ-free milk, however hot or sultry the weather.

Glaxo is used by Municipal Health Departments, where they are helping to rear healthier and happier babies.

For instance, Sheffield Health Department has purchased over 170,000 lbs. in the last eight years.

The best is not too good for your baby, and next to healthy Mothers' Milk Glaxo is the best.

Glaxo

Dried Milk

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

GLAXO (Dept. 36), 155, Gt. Portland St., London, W.1.

Every Glaxo Feeder is separately examined twice

over before it is passed on to the packing department. When the process of "annealing" is completed, every bottle is tested and examined for cracks or flaws, and those that pass this test are then thoroughly washed and dried. Now comes the final examination by lynx-eyed experts whose duty it is to reject every Glaxo Feeder which shows the slightest defect. The detection of a tiny crack or fault, a minute particle of grit embedded in the glass, the least roughness, is sufficient to send an apparently perfect bottle to the scrap heap.

The final examination of the Glaxo Teat and Valve is even more stringent still, and rejections average 14 per cent.

This watchfulness is expensive, but, backed as it is by the thorough workmanship of skilled English workmen, is a surety of as near perfection as human endeavour can come.

And we believe the Glaxo Feeder to be the nearest to perfection yet achieved in feeding bottles.

Glaxo Feeder

British made throughout.

Glaxo Feeder complete in box with Teat and Valve, 1/3 each.

Spare Bottles	.. 8d. each.
Spare Teats ..	.. 3½d. ,,
Spare Valves	.. 2½d. ,,

Proprietors: JOSEPH NATHAN & CO., Ltd., LONDON AND NEW ZEALAND.

21207

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 19.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 575. Week ending Saturday, June 9th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Submarines.
Whilst there is a lull in the West—we hope only temporarily—we are doing splendidly with our new method of tackling the submarines. *Why* can't we have the figures?

The General Election.
It is now proposed to wait for the new Register, about to be compiled, so that the next Parliament *may be elected for five years.* Wily little Welshman! But he must hurry up with the war.

Those Enemy Princes.
On another page we deal with the way in which the Bill now before Parliament is being emasculated by the Lords' Committee, and we shall have much more to say on the subject before the Bill becomes an Act. It is all part of the jiggery-pokery which characterises much of the so-called War Legislation of the Government.

Democracy and Party.
"There can be no democracy without Party and divisions," Mr. Balfour told the Ottawa Parliament. As he made one speech in French, perhaps he will permit us to observe, *Nous verrons.*

Lord Kitchener.
So at last the truth is out. You will read all about it in our leading article.

Forbes Phillips.
So the dear old Vicar of Gorleston has gone—we use the phrase only in that affectionate sense in which we speak of dead friends. He was a man, take him for all in all, and it may be a long time before, in the Church, we look upon his like again.

"Cut the Cackle."
There is far too much talk about our aims. What we have to do is win the war. When that is accomplished it will be time enough to explain why we did it.

How the Money Goes.
It has been said that for every criminal caught and punished, ten, equally guilty, escape. Apply this rule to the bribery and corruption of Government servants, and it is easy to understand why the war is costing so much.

Lord Devonport.
So one of Mr. Lloyd George's "mistakes" has been rectified. Retail grocers have no place in a real Business Government.

Bravo, France!
The French Socialists are not to be allowed to go fooling around at Stockholm. A nasty snub to the British Government.

A Blasphemy.
Surely it is nothing short of a blasphemy on the memory of Lord Kitchener that a man of the stamp of Ramsay Macdonald should be permitted to go to Petrograd. We do not hesitate to say that were Parliament sitting, the passport would never have been granted—or, if granted, that it would have been withdrawn. R.M.N.G.—Ramsay Must *Not* Go.

The Blue and Khaki League.
Date of meeting and all other details very shortly. Meanwhile, the League goes marching on.

A Word with the Archbishop.
What says his Grace of Canterbury about the Kaiser's latest Order to his troops to "take very few prisoners and *show no mercy*"? Are reprisals *still* wrong?

Russia.
We are glad to be assured by Messrs. Will Thorne and "Jim" O'Grady that all is well with Russia—but we fear that, good fellows as they are, they are no match for the wily diplomats of Petrograd. We are far from happy about the present position, and next week we may suggest a bold solution of the deadlock.

The King's Diplomacy.
There can be no question that His Majesty has inherited much of the tact of his father; and it was a shrewd step to invite the burly "Will" to the Palace to talk over his recent visit. It is not so very long ago that West Ham's M.P. characterised the report that he had attended a Royal Garden Party as a "damnable lie." How the times have changed!

Racing.
The Government is drawing a regular hornets' nest about its head; and unless it comes to its senses pretty soon, it had better defer the General Election. Meanwhile, starving Germany is "carrying on" in full swing with its summer programme!

"Let 'Em *All* Come."
The time when, to qualify for the Army, a man must be "sound, in wind and limb" is evidently past. According to the Newport Military Representative, the absence of one leg or arm is no obstacle to service. Pity this view was not taken at first, and the "cushy" jobs given to the cripples.

You cannot afford to omit to sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of cover.

Bathurst's Bathos.

A lady who wrote to the Ministry of Food, complaining that her grocer would sell her no sugar, received a most polite reply, together with a copy of a statement by Captain Bathurst, "which might be of some assistance to her." That statement contained this: "A grocer may refuse to sell sugar even if he has sugar in his possession." How far that remark "assisted" the poor woman in her perplexity nobody outside the Ministry of Food could possibly guess.

Wasting his Time.

A tall story about the wonderfully precise information possessed by commanders of U-boats comes from—never mind where, but we have the full particulars. A certain steamer was about to commence a voyage. The captain wired to the owners that he would start at 7.50 a.m., but he happened to be an hour late in getting away. So the German "sub." commander asked, when he collared the captain, "Why didn't you start at 7.50? You have kept me waiting here!" Our informant labels his story "Fact." But we hope it isn't.

The Insurance Agent.

The insurance agent, if aged and at home, is still "in the wars." Companies used to allow some men "special terms," by way of a sweetener; it was, however, never granted unless deserved—and well earned. The amount varied, we believe, from about 5s. to 15s., but it is now being universally withdrawn. It is done in this form, by the Royal Liver Society: "At a meeting of the Committee of Management it was resolved—That the Special Terms of 15s. weekly granted to ——— be and the same are hereby discontinued." Instead of a bonus, it is—almost—the boot!

Better Late Than Never.

"Mr. Hector McNeal has been appointed . . . to arrange for the transhipment of cargoes from the larger liners which arrive in their first home ports with cargoes for other destinations. This should save much shipping from the submarine menace." That is from the *Star* of May 25th. This is from JOHN BULL of April 28th: "But why—oh, why?—when ship and food have arrived in one port, send them back into the danger zone? That suggests red-tape and lunacy." We pegged away in that manner most zealously, and we trust the result will be according to promise.

The Necessary Wireless.

After the *Titanic* disaster an International Convention recommended that ships over 3,000 tons gross should be compelled to be fitted with wireless—but owing to the war and the usual delays of red-tape this has not been ratified. One large vessel failed therefore to receive wireless warnings of the presence of a U-boat. The result was the loss of eight lives, a ship and 7,000 tons of cargo, and terrible suffering by the survivors in open boats for 142 hours. For the protection of merchant men, it is up to the Board of Trade to get the necessary powers without delay.

The Water Board.

When the Metropolitan Water Board have made up their books for the last financial year it will no doubt be found that as usual there is a handsome deficiency for the London ratepayers to make good. Starting from the modest figure of £25,279 in 1909, this habitual shortage had grown to £224,153 for the year ended March 31st, 1916—a record which at their present rate of expenditure the Board should have no difficulty in beating. Wasteful administration, costly and fruitless litigation, extravagant building schemes, and general financial mismanagement have combined to bring about a state of affairs which is a severe burden to London ratepayers, already taxed to the limit of their means.

Oatmeal Up.

The Food Controller suddenly issued an Order fixing a maximum price of 5½d. per lb. for oatmeal. Up till that moment, oatmeal in Scotland was 5s. 6d. per stone; it soared at once to 6s. 5d., by special permission of Lord Devonport. It seems a wrong method of controlling food.

Pickled Herrings.

Those 70,000 barrels of pickled herrings at Stornoway, previously mentioned by us and subsequently trumpeted in Parliament, have evidently been forgotten. The Press Bureau, or some other authority, printed details of how to prepare and cook the fish, but they were not seen on the market. We hear that they are still lying at Stornoway, —rotting. "Their stench is almost unbearable." Who said "Waste"?

Honouring the Hun.

There was a military funeral just lately at Altrincham, with escort and firing party. The deceased had been a non-commissioned officer in a Bavarian Regiment, and another German non-com. was permitted to give an address in German at the graveside, all about the Rhine and the Rhineland. Our idea is that no Englishman would be allowed, in similar conditions, to prate in Germany of the Thames or the Mersey. Nor can we imagine a German clergyman providing a "handsome floral token." Yet the Rev. Hewlett Johnson's wreath figures among the "tributes" to the memory of that Hun. There is "indignation" locally, and it does not surprise us.

Reprisals.

The boys in the trenches, the men who do the fighting but not the talking, are crying out against those that cry out against reprisals. Some of them object to Bramwell Booth objecting to reprisals on the score of Christianity. We have an eloquent message to that effect from a number of them in hospital in France. Let us quote from some of the signatories, without divulging actual names: "Signed, ——— R. F., wounded, gassed, blown up in mines, and still fighting for Christianity; ———, R.A.M.C., was at Mons, and still doing my bit for Christianity." There are others, Christian soldiers every man of them, men who know that whereof they write. Reprisals? Yes!

"Persons who Smell."

Curious utterances are almost expected from Prebendary Perowne, down Plymouth way. Here is his freshest: "It requires a very great deal of Christianity for a person in nice clothes to sit down next to a person who smells." If the reference is to an odour redolent of honest toil, we are in total disagreement about the nicely clothed person. We have noticed that a toiler engaged in an occupation that confers an odour really offensive is the first person to sit aloof; he goes "on top" like a man. But the ordinary "smell" of a human being should distress nobody's Christianity. Except it is "a person who smells" a nasty cleric, and then he is the quickest to edge away.

Government Economy.

The Report of the Enemy Princes Committee affords a splendid illustration of Government economy. Six large pages of foolscap are required for what could easily have been printed on a sheet of notepaper. Over two pages are devoted to recording the fact that upon several occasions the Committee met and adjourned; half a page contains the draft Report, and another half page (with the rest left blank) contains the same document, called the "Report." There are altogether about two pages of blank paper, to say nothing of a wide margin round every sheet. And the date of the first meeting is said to have been "*die Jovis* 15 *Martii*, 1917." By Jovis!

A War-time Economy—use a "John Bull" Pen. See page 15.

"A.P.C."

Our attention has been called to the misconception existing in certain quarters as to the pay of the staff of the Army Pay Corps. Instead of being, as sometimes represented, 4s. per day, the remuneration—with about a dozen exceptions—is 1s. 8d., less allotment; in other words, 1s. 2d. net. The A.P.C. evidently do not overpay themselves.

Outlawry!

"What think you of a League of Commercial Travellers, pledged never to stay at any hotel employing Huns or harbouring them as guests?" The suggestion comes from a friend "on the road," who has been stirred to fierce indignation by the latest outrages of the pirate foe. But wouldn't it be better still to resolve that, when the war is won, we will shut the Huns not merely out of the hotels, but out of our harbours—forbidding any member of the accursed race, for a term of years at any rate, to set foot on British soil?

Pin-Pricks for Police.

Can it be true that the "K" Division of Police have experienced one more instance of inconsiderate treatment? We hear that they have at length been served with their winter clothing—last winter's!—and, on a hot day towards the close of May, were ordered to turn out in it for inspection. The spectacle of the constables hurrying through the sunny streets in big coats and thick trousers must have amused the children; otherwise, it was a needless annoyance. "All men on leave" were ordered to attend by some inferior officer, who thus over-rode an Act of Parliament, which stipulates that leave may be stopped only by the Commissioner.

Much Better Burton.

In November last we drew attention to the many slackers in Burton-on-Trent, and managed to offend a few residents when we did so. Perhaps we also aroused the Tribunal, for we are pleased to record the statement of the Military representative that the Burton Tribunal has "scoured the town," and that its record now "holds the palm" in Staffordshire. May the good work continue!

Work for the League.

Here is the kind of incident that will be impossible when our Blue and Khaki League is in active working order. At the North London Police Court an ex-soldier, who had lost his left eye in the war and was wearing two wound stripes, was charged with the "crime" of begging. His Army pension, it seems, amounted to 10s. 6d. a week, and to eke out this wretched pittance he had joined forces with a one-legged organ grinder in an appeal to the charity of the public. On hearing this pitiful story the Magistrates remanded the gallant fellow to enable him to "find honest work." Our own view is that it is the clear duty of the State to retain discharged soldiers on the Army pay roll till such employment is found. The Blue and Khaki League will demand the recognition of this principle.

Tommy's Washing.

Women who do soldiers' washing are paid now at the same rate as they were before the price of materials leaped. They get 7d. per man, for washing his shirt, pants, vest, towel, socks, and anything else that happens along. It is heavy washing, and hard to dry indoors when the weather is bad. What about a little extra?

Slur on Servants.

Beatrice Chase is a magnificent person of the diviner sex, who writes in a magazine on "Life On Dartmoor Without Servants." One of her most elegant expressions is, "the slut of a servant." Beatrice prefers to do her own work, allowing no common female to approach her. She declaims:—"Let the plebeian women go out daily to what they are pleased to call man's work. It is all many of them are fit for. But, in heaven's name, let us patricians—empty our own slops and scrub our own floors!" By all means—let them. We do not think any "plebeian woman" servant would feel comfortable in a household directed by "patricians" like Beatrice Chase.

The "Unco Guid."

The Free Church Assembly has placed on record its gratification that "the offensive Sabbath concerts in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh, designed to relieve the tedium of life for the Colonial soldier, had ceased." If the soldier's tedium is therefore to continue, we are, on the contrary, sorry. But the views of some of these Free Kirk pastors are too lopsided for the comprehension of ordinary folk. One reverend gentleman said that the Saturday half-holiday unfitted people for Sabbath-keeping, and also for work on the first days of the week. A wicked man who played football on Saturday could not go to Kirk on Sunday. Let us, dear brethren, work all day on Saturday—and all night too—and Sunday service in church will seem lovely.

KITCHENER.

In Memoriam.

Too deep for tears and too profound for sighs,
Britannia's grief for her heroic son
Forbids expression. Were it otherwise
'Twere less than is his due. For he was one
To whom a million loyal hearts would run
In answer to the summons of his eyes,
Eager to dare and do, well knowing none
Like him could lead them in high enterprise.

His potent name first gave the foe to doubt;
He built the bridge to victory, mighty-arched
And soaring high o'er pain's and sorrow's deeps.
He called—our manhood answered with a shout!
He showed the way to glory, and we marched!
And still his voice re-echoes, though he sleeps.

Wicked Wages for Huns.

"Seventy-five German prisoners have arrived in Essex to work on the land. Their pay is 3s. 6d. a day for skilled men, and 2s. 6d. for others." It is not surprising to learn that this item of news has aroused a storm of indignation among soldiers in hospital and out of hospital. The private who fights for 1s. a day simply cannot understand the astonishing favours showered on the scum he has beaten. We share to the full the passionate indignation of our best men, and condemn in the plainest manner a scale of payment calculated to drive a soldier to despair because of its gross unfairness.

Bakehouse Toil.

Biscuits are dear, but female labour seems cheap, according to the expectations of Messrs. Peek, Frean and Co. They advertise for women for bakehouse work, and they offer a wage of 19s., including bonus, for a working week of 55 hours. The atmosphere of a bakehouse is none too invigorating, and the salary strikes us as inadequate in these or any other days.

"Bullets" is the oldest and fairest Competition. See page 20.

A Perfect Ass.

The ass belongs to Mr. Oliver, of the "Archduke Charles," Rodney Road, in Walworth, who won it in a raffle. Since then he has been sold for war charities several times over, bringing in £117 at the Holborn Stadium, and scoring another triumph at the Eccentric Club. As he is booked for a number of other appearances in the sale ring, David, the Perfect Ass, should break records in donkey prices.

Our Superfluous Food.

Sweden protests against the torpedoing of the three large Swedish steamers which were carrying grain from England to Sweden—because, perhaps, we have so much grain to spare. The German Minister in Stockholm has now "expressed his deepest regret at the occurrence." It is quite possible Germany has more than one reason for regret. But it is news to us that we have such an abundance of grain that we can afford to export it to Sweden—or elsewhere.

A "Slim" Student.

We have already referred to the case, at Oxford, of Morrison —25, single, a theological student—who secured terms of exemption on the plea that he was studying for ordination. We seem to have moved the War Office to appeal, but their appeal has been overruled by the Oxford Tribunal. The excuse is that Morrison expects to be ordained at once, and he says he will be willing to go out as Chaplain if the Bishop will permit. The War Office, we hope, will not take this decision lying down; to us it seems bunkum. If Morrison is "ordained" it will only be as a deacon, and as a deacon he could not act as Chaplain. He would not be ordained priest for 12 months. Such slimness should be fought.

"Now Then, Barnes!"

Mr. James J. Page, a member of the Eastbourne War Pensions Committee, writes us, in regard to the paragraph we recently published under this heading, that his Committee were not informed of the sad circumstances of Sapper F. W. Kent, when he was dying of consumption, and consequently were unable to take "proper action." We are glad to publish this disclaimer—but as the Eastbourne Guardians on January 19th resolved "that the Clerk to the Board is instructed to notify without delay, to the Clerk to the Local Pensions Committee, names and particulars of discharged soldiers becoming chargeable to this Union"—one of such unfortunates being poor Kent—we naturally presumed that the terms of the resolution had been carried into effect. The blame, therefore, seems to rest with the Clerk to the Guardians.

For Women Only.

Just a word to the ladies. Have you seen *Everywoman's* lately? It is the last word in woman's journalism.

For Men Only.

Please read the above paragraph—and call the attention of all your women friends to it.

The Blowhards.

Category A men are supposed to be classed for fighting purposes; this must be an error. A firm of music dealers advertises: "Opportunity for musicians called for military service. Category A men only . . . wanted divisional band; France." If a band in France wants men to "tootle, tootle, tootle on the cornet," there are plenty of wounded or elderly men to pick from, without taking the best combatant material.

A Police Trap.

Some police prosecutions are lamentably puerile affairs. A Preston baker had to pay 10s. for selling a loaf of bread not sufficiently stale. It seems that a boy entered the shop, asked for a loaf, and was refused, because the bread was "new." He entered a second time, and pleaded "it was for his mother." So the kind-hearted baker let him have one. Back came the boy, a third time—with him Inspector Robinson; the result we have related. Are such traps really worth while?

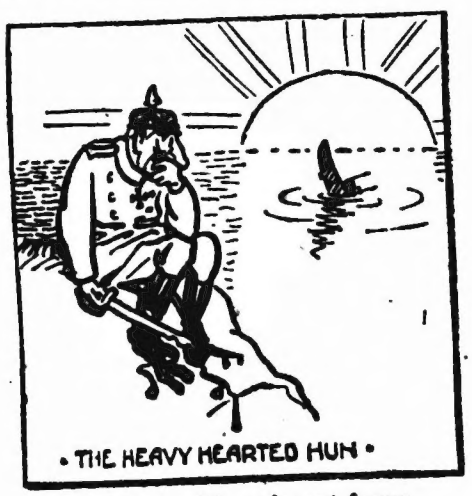
Education!

This from an indignant correspondent: "If boys up to the age of 12 are kept away from school for half a day to do a little work for their parents, warning notices are sent; yet on three afternoons a week they have lessons on making the useful articles enclosed." The "useful articles" are cigarette pictures tastefully framed in scraps of wall paper. Whether such æsthetic exercises are intended to train the hand or the eye, or merely to kill time, we are unable to say. Perhaps Mr. Fisher can enlighten us.

A Busy Time.

Our Insurance representative is having a busy time paying out claims in respect of the recent air raid in the Folkestone district. Some of the cases are of a most pathetic character, and it gives us great pleasure to be the means of relieving the terrible distress caused by these Hun barbarities. If you have not already taken advantage of our free offer, you should at once fill up the coupon to be found on page iii of cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.



The Kaiser, with a gloomy frown,
Sees on his hopes the sun go down;
And knows that, like Napoleon, he
Again is baffled by the sea.

At Devonport's departure, tears
Suffuse the eyes of profiteers;
But hopeful housewives will contrive
His wise retirement to survive.

With some dismay greengrocers view
The future prospect, growing blue;
For customers who bought of yore
Will grow their "veg" and buy no more.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P.

DEAR GLOBE TROTTER,—When the Government was reconstituted I criticised your appointment to the Foreign Office, but had it been proposed to fit you up as a Special Ambassador to our Allies and Dominions I should have held up both hands for the scheme. However, I respectfully suggest to you that you cannot successfully discharge the two offices at one and the same time; and I take leave to remind you that the address of the British Foreign Office is in Whitehall. You have been five weeks in the United States and in Canada—so as soon as you can conveniently "cut the cackle" pray hurry home; else I am afraid people will begin to say things about a Minister who, in these critical days, can so easily be spared. JOHN BULL.

To Field-Marshal Lord French.

DEAR FIELD-MARSHAL,—I cannot admit that your answer to the deputation from Folkestone and district about the recent air raid was as entirely satisfactory as some newspapers would suggest. You expressed the hope that the measures which had been taken would make any future raid a very risky operation, and would ensure heavy enemy loss. But, why *future* raid? Surely it is your business to take the necessary military precautions in advance, not after more than 70 innocent civilians have paid the penalty. Everyone in authority knew daylight raids on a big scale were probable. Then why was not adequate preparation made to give the Hun a warm reception? Really these after assurances are cold, not to say callous, comfort to the bereaved. They give point to my oft repeated complaint that nothing is done in the matter of air defence except by public pressure. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P.

DEAR WINSTON,—There seems to be no truth in the rumour that you are busy editing a Revised Version of the Dardanelles Report to be published in the autumn—although, if the newspapers are to be believed, you are living laborious days. I hear of you on the Western Front as a visitor to British Headquarters—and in Paris, as the guest of the French military authorities; while it is further reported that you are shortly to be offered an important post in the Government. On the whole, you are one of the most energetic persons I ever met, and I do hope you won't wear yourself out before peace returns. For, with all your faults—and who of us hasn't faults?—we shall need you later on.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Borough Education Committee, Macclesfield.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I have had sent to me an illuminated text card, one of the many awarded by your Committee to scholars in the elementary schools for regular attendance. The picture is of pastoral beauty and arcadian bliss—the scented hayrick, the dear old oak tree, the homely cottage, the swelling pasture, the cart which has no work to do, the happy hog with the curly tail, the dreamy cow, the buxom maid feeding all the chuck-chucks. And then there is the inscription: "'My Peace I Give Unto You.' Birn Brothers, 67-70, Bunhill Row, London. Printed in Germany." When children are very, very good, at least award them something British; Germhun printing ink stinks so.

JOHN BULL.

To Arnold Lupton, Esq., Ex-M.P.

DEAR FOOL,—For I honestly believe you are more "f" than "r"—why can't you keep quiet? After our recent little bout in the Courts, when you were so soundly beaten, I should not again have troubled about you. But your exhibition of stupidity at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association compels this letter. Your insults to America are not worthy of notice, but your references to Russia as the only country which "seemed to show reasonableness" were pernicious and dangerous. I am glad to see that an aged minister gave you a proper rebuke, and that another divine—the Rev. W. G. Farrant—offered a fitting retort to your query, "Are not Germans men?" Do stop your idiotic antics, which really suggest that you are not quite sane. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. G. N. Barnes, M.P., War Cabinet.

MY DEAR BARNES,—Congrats. on promotion to "Cabinet rank." You are one of the best. Make the most of your opportunity, whilst Henderson is away, to remove all trace of the lay preacher from the War Council. Throw his copy-books away. And just one hint—don't rub the working-men the wrong way. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Ernest Shackleton.

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—It is with considerable satisfaction that I learn that you are shortly leaving to take up "special war work." It has been painful to me to see your high qualities of enterprise, seamanship and courage divorced from the service of the State and devoted, although with conspicuous valour, to the dubious interests of "science"—to say nothing of a newspaper "stunt"! Here's the best of luck and a safe return. JOHN BULL.

To Neville Chamberlain, Esq., Director-General of National Service.

DEAR MR. DIRECTOR,—When I wrote to you recently, declaring my conviction that your National Service scheme was bust, I did not know it was bust at such a debit to War Loan as it has proved. At a cost of £100,000 to fix up 9,000 men in jobs, it hasn't failed for want of money. It has obviously failed because there was no need for it in the form in which it was conceived. What—in the name of efficiency—are you doing now, and when do you intend to retire from St. Ermin's to make room for somebody who understands what is wanted? Bogus Business Government is not what we need.

JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-General Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B., Commanding the London District.

DEAR GENERAL,—Now that you have returned from France and have had time to appreciate the injustice unwittingly done to the British officer, by that Order which denied him food on licensed premises after ten o'clock, I am sure your soldierly spirit and sense of fairness will suggest a speedy withdrawal of the embargo. If I am rightly informed, your object was to assist the Food Controller and discourage meals at night. But now that "bulk rationing," as it is called, is the order at hotels and restaurants, there is no warranty for treating the officer worse than the civilian. And, if I know you, the injustice will not continue a day—or night—longer. JOHN BULL.

To Lieut. Otto Thelen, Hun Airman.

DEAR HUN,—While I hate you and all your breed, I cannot withhold a note of admiration over your prison-breaking exploits. You seem to be quite a genius at unlocking bolts and bars—or getting them unlocked for you—and your latest feat in escaping from Chelsford Detention Barracks was worthy of Jack Sheppard. My sporting instinct is roused by your pluck and persistency, and I cannot help wondering how such a man could be found among the Kaiser's "baby-killers." Glad I didn't have the job of catching you; but glad also you *were* caught. Otto, you're a hot'un!

JOHN BULL.

To Citizen Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.

SIR,—It passes my understanding that the Foreign Office should have granted you and your pro-German and pacifist colleagues passes to Petrograd. Since the beginning of the war you have been a standing disgrace; your speeches and actions have been an insult to our patriotism. It was you who dared to insult the fathers—and to quote your own words: "Alas, the mothers of those coddled officers who in spite of privileges could not produce one per cent. of decent fighting men"—by declaring that they were "the real enemy." It was you who said in August, 1908, "The people who wanted titles were telling them to-day that Germany was arming to blow up London with a fleet of airships." You are a disgrace to British manhood, and yet you have the effrontery to go to Petrograd and after that to Stockholm to masquerade as a representative of British Labour! Go to Folkestone and repeat those disgraceful innuendoes and wanton charges of pre-war days. Or go to—Heligoland! JOHN BULL.

TRAITOR PRINCES—AND OTHERS!

WHO IS PLAYING HANKY-PANKY?—NEED FOR GREATER VIGILANCE.

By CHARLES PALMER.

THOSE traitor princes must be removed forthwith from the roll of British peers and stripped of the British honours bestowed upon them in happier times. But we must beware lest sinister influence undo the work decreed by public opinion and rob us of our just demands. Men of so-called Royal blood who have enjoyed the hospitality of this country and have drawn sustenance from the Royal Civil List are to-day in arms against his Majesty; they are fighting for the Hun. It is idle, it is an insult, to suggest that they are doing no wrong. Those who are not for us are against us, and sentimentality becomes a crime. I know enough of what is going on behind the scenes to say this: that unless here and now we brand these Royal princes with the searing irons as traitors, the time will come when the Hidden Hand—those subtle and sinister influences which are for ever working against this country and in the interests of Germany—will rob us of just revenge and taint the body politic with the presence and the power of men who have schemed against us and are now fighting against us for the destruction of Civilisation and the negation of Liberty. Anyone who has taken the trouble to read the Report of the Lords' Committee on the Bill to deprive enemy peers and princes of British titles and dignities will realise that a deliberate attempt is being made to save the situation for the enemies of the British throne and the British Empire and to whittle down the penalties which should justly fall upon men who have been false to their oath and false to the country which gave them birth or sustenance.

The Oath of Allegiance.

Do not let us forget that with the issues involved in the treatment of these renegade princes is bound up the grave question of our attitude towards men who, either by German birth or Hunnish proclivities, are false to the oath of allegiance to the British throne and are traitors to the supreme interests the Allies have in their keeping. We must strike while the iron is hot—while the glowing indignation of the British nation can be used as the refining fire which shall eliminate from Society, from English social and political life, all those influences which have made for weakness, all those personal powers which in the early days of the war tended to cripple military strength and to weaken our fighting efficiency. It was the repeated and persistent demands in these columns which directed attention to the scandal of the traitor princes —nay more, to the infamy of continuing to bear on the British roll of princes such men as the Duke of Albany, the Duke of Cumberland and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. These traitors, these men who had taken money for many years from the British purse, who had enjoyed such expressions of loyalty as are a fitting tribute to those who are near the throne, either by birth or by marriage, found it compatible with their honour and their consciences to take up arms against the British Empire or to succour and comfort his Majesty's enemies. Was it to be wondered that the nation which is fighting for its very existence, which is giving the best of its blood, its first born, yes, and its second and third born, on the sublime altar of a patriotic war, should rise in its wrath against the shameful indignity of bearing upon the Roll of British peers men who had sunk so low as to feed at our hands and when the call of war divided the sheep from the goats should take up arms against us? Do not forget this: that the men who to-day are fighting and dying that the British Empire may endure will tear down the Temples of Convention about our ears if they come home to find we have temporised with the traitors within our islands, or made terms with the German-English swine—be they Royal or plebeian—who have helped the foe to the despite of the country which bore and nourished them. I warn those who are sincere in their Royalist opinions—and indeed I count myself of the number—that the men who have endured the tortures of Kultur, the soldiers who have been made to suffer untellable infamies for no other reason than that they are loyal subjects of his Majesty King George and stalwart fighters in the great Imperial cause—the Australians know what I mean—will insist upon a stern and solemn reckoning if we trifle with this pressing question of the traitor princes, or dally with the grim necessity of clearing the Privy Council of disgusting German influences. We cannot afford to trust any Government in these matters. We must insist on an immediate purging of the Privy Council and we must demand that before the war is ended and the nation is engrossed in other questions not less grave and insistent, the whole subject of naturalisation, the rights of Britishers and the position of the detested Germans, shall be regularised in the light of 1914–1917.

The Suspect Peers.

Unless we display exceptional vigilance these traitor princes will, with the assistance of the House of Peers, outwit us. I have never been an opponent of the Upper Chamber—I fought with the "Die-hards" over the Parliament Bill—this is sufficient evidence of my conviction. But I say it in all seriousness that the report of the Lords on the Enemy Princes Bill makes me sick—for the sake of their rights they would betray Britain. How have they dealt with this grave matter? Week after week in JOHN BULL the question has been asked, what was being done in regard to it. Now at last, after various adjournments, we have the Committee's Report. I have before me the two Bills—the one without and the other with the proposed amendments. There is clear evidence that some hanky-panky is going on. According to the original Bill, all persons "of enemy nationality or domicile" were to be deprived of "their title or dignity as a peer or British prince," quite independent of whether or not they had borne arms against the King. This salutary provision is, however, absent from the amended Bill—which means that we may have all the dirty mischief over again the next time we are at war. But the most scandalous amendment is the deletion of this vital clause: "The Committee may act on any information which is for the time being available, without being bound by any laws of evidence, and their report shall be final and conclusive." Not only have the Committee taken all these words out of the Bill, but they have stipulated that the Committee of the Privy Council, which is to inquire into the names of enemy Peers and Princes, shall include not fewer than two members of the "Judicial Committee." That is to say, we are to have two dry-as-dust lawyers—who will, of course, insist on strict legal evidence in every case, and thus delay retribution indefinitely. It is by such means that the public are to be again fooled. Well may the Editor keep asking "Whose is the hidden hand?" Away with all this nonsense, and let us have a simple Bill of one clause such as Mr. Bottomley suggested a few months go, containing a schedule of persons to be removed from the British peerage, and giving all persons so scheduled an opportunity of appealing against their deprivation. That is the practical way of dealing with the matter—and, what is more, it is the sane and safe way. I warn the Government that Russia is not the only country where indignation may reach danger point. The will of the People *must* prevail!

A "BITTER" DISPUTE.

Rub-a-dub-dub! Two men on a tub!
Where to make for they cannot agree;

But there is not much doubt, when they've argued it out,
What the state of the liquor will be.

"SAVING" AT THE STORES.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL" AT HARROD'S EMPORIUM.

We understand that it is the desire of the Food Controller—as far as this elusive factor can be traced—that foodstuffs should be purchased in modest quantities, and anything in the nature of "hoarding" avoided like one of the cardinal sins. This being so, we are a little surprised to find a firm of such well-advertised patriotism as Harrod's Stores offering vegetables for sale, not by the pound or the peck, but whole hundredweights at a time. A South London reader was so tempted by the offer of turnips at 8s. 6d. and swedes at 9s. 6d. per cwt. that he lost no time in despatching his order to the Brompton Road establishment; but bearing in mind the aforesaid requirements of the Food Controller, and Messrs. Harrod's own intimation, as per large scale advertisement, that excessive purchases would be "sternly discountenanced," he modestly restricted his demands to 56 lbs. of swedes and 14 lbs. each of carrots and turnips. In due course the vegetables came to hand—but not at the advertised prices; in the interval, it seemed, there had been a general advance in the cost of edible roots, and the goods were now invoiced at the rates of 13s. per cwt. for the swedes and 28s. per cwt. (about three times the price!) for the turnips and carrots. However, explanation was forthcoming. "We beg respectfully to advise you," wrote the Head Office, "that the prices quoted in the advertisement were for hundredweight quantities only, and therefore the prices charged on invoice are correct for smaller quantities." The net outcome of the matter is that, if you ignore the appeals of the Food Controller and lay in your vegetables by the hundredweight, Messrs. Harrod's, Limited, will allow a discount of 15s. 6d. on every cwt. of carrots, 19s. 6d. per cwt. for turnips and 3s. 6d. per cwt. for swedes supplied. If any reader should fail to appreciate the beauties of commercial patriotism as thus exemplified, let him sit at the feet of Harrod's Directors and learn of them. Harrod's, as we have already shown, cannot be accused of showing any particular regard for employees, even after many years' faithful service. And who would [illegible] these offers of hoarding facilities are likely to help [illegible] are engaged in the task of beating the U-boat?

HUSTLING AT HYDE.

CURIOUS RESULT OF A PETTY PROSECUTION.

When employers are told to exhibit a list of persons employed by them, the step is intended as an aid to recruiting. Now there is in Hyde a manufacturing stationer who for two years has employed no men—patriotically relying upon female hands, and doing the heavy delivery work himself. The Chief Constable paid him a visit, asking to see the list of men employed; learning there was none, he departed, apparently satisfied. A little later, the Recruiting Officer appeared on a similar errand, and the result was the same. Three days afterwards a summons came along, under Regulation 41a of the Defence of the Realm Act, for failing to display a list of persons employed, and a second summons for not showing to the Recruiting Officer the list that did not exist. The fact that not one man was employed on the premises, but only women and girls, was ignored. It was said that the Act applied to female employees also, and that point may be of interest to other employers. Had this stationer of Hyde been told that a list was required, it would have been his pleasure to supply one, but his two visitors had never even dropped a hint. However, the Bench decided to impose a fine on both summonses, and the defendant declared indignantly that he would not pay. Neither has he done so, for he received, next morning, a message on the 'phone that the Magistrates had decided to cancel their decision and to dismiss the case. The newspaper report does actually state: "The Bench dismissed the case." We congratulate the Magistrates on their discreet "climb down," as the regulation quoted applies only to male employees, and a High Court mandamus against them would not have added to their personal dignity. The circumstances are curious, and it may be that the magisterial minds at Hyde are in doubt whether it is necessary to post up a list of females when only men matter. But it is certainly a sad waste of time for a Chief Constable and a Recruiting Officer to institute a prosecution against a man doing his best at great inconvenience. There are in the town other manufacturing stationers, where eligible men are employed, and to them official questions should be preferentially addressed.

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THOSE of us who do not allow death to bring forgetfulness, whose thoughts can still dwell on deeds greatly done, even though the doer of them has gone to the Valhalla where heroes dwell, pause reverently in contemplation to-day. A year ago Britain's—the Empire's—greatest man was done to death, *the victim of base treachery*. If there was any mystery in June, 1916, all doubts are now set at rest. Kitchener—the man whom Fate destined to be the maker of the greatest Imperial Army the world has known; who stepped back from the boat at Dover to answer the summons of King and Country, and who finally found his grave in the stern northern waters—was sacrificed to the traitor hand. Only a year ago—and yet how the onward press of mighty events seems to leave that terrible tragedy a long way back in the wake of war! Yet we who remember, whose hearts are filled with pride and sorrow—yes, and shame—as the emotions of last June come welling up again, desire to honour the anniversary of his death by paying tribute once more to the memory and sacrifice of our lost War Lord. It is right that we should keep his memory green, for he stood for all that we hold dear, and to-day his spirit informs and invigorates the manhood of our Empire.

A Towering Personality.

What pygmies the rest appear to be by the side of the great, silent man—kindly, yet resolute; the man of heart and iron, who won the Empire's trust because he believed in and trusted its people. None other could have called a vast Army from civil life, or built up the huge military machine which to-day is pounding the way to a victorious—and, I hope, inexorable—peace. When the ashes of Armageddon are swept away and the dust of these Homeric battles is scattered to the winds of heaven—when the blessings of peace mercifully blur the memories of war, and wounds now sore and bleeding are closed and healed—the memory of Kitchener, the splendour of his achievements, and, above all, the manner of his death, will remain immortal reminders of his glory and our pride. We shall remember, and in remembrance reconstruct those crowning years of his greatness. Of all tributes which come as mementoes on this first anniversary, none I think is more sincere than that of people who still cannot believe that Kitchener is dead—that literally he lives. Would to God I could encourage their hope! In spirit, it is true, he is with us—his fine example of duty well done lives and will endure. And in that sense Kitchener can *never* die. But I know enough now to be certain that he died the death of a hero—the victim of cruel treachery.

A Year Ago!

Recall the position a year ago; realise, in the light of what is now known, the nightmare of doubt and misgiving which clouded the hopes of the Allies; and then picture the great man setting out on his mission to Russia—a mission which was to strengthen the hands of our true friends in Petrograd and confound the pro-German plotters. For the moment Kitchener's work at home was finished. Political plot and Ministerial cabal had failed. All schemes of jealousy and prejudice to weaken the influence of the nation's idol, to depose him from his splendid pedestal, had collapsed. Those missions to Italy and the Dardanelles had proved of brilliant augury for his Russian task. But while, whatever the traducers may say, he saved the situation in Gallipoli, and had confirmed and strengthened by personal counsel the value of Italy's plans, he had in his visit to Russia a heavier task to fulfil—a deeper problem to solve. Forces were at work and growing which made for danger, which brought perilous possibilities every day nearer. Men of knowledge and experience who returned from Russia told the same story—treachery lurked in high places, the Court of the Czar of all the Russias was more German than Potsdam, intrigues against the Allies were rife, every day attempts were made to undermine the strength of the Russian Army. Those happy hopes of the early days of the war had faded—the "steam-roller" which was to crash through to Berlin from the East, while the British and French were fighting their way to the Rhine in the West, laboured and lumbered along, its machinery corroded by corruption, its wheels clogged by the plots and schemes of traitors.

Treachery in Petrograd.

We know to-day that all the best-laid plans of the Russians' finest generals were brought to nought by the cruel treachery of those who ruled in Petrograd. They who fought best were discouraged; successful commanders were deposed. Munitions of war, sorely needed by the soldiers of the Czar and promptly supplied by business-like and gallant Japan, were ruthlessly diverted to Germany by the same treacherous hands; and later, when Roumania cast in her lot with the Allies, her ruin and downfall were compassed by the very men and women—the panders and neurotics, the lecherous dukes and debased Royalties—who had acclaimed the adhesion of her King to the cause of Freedom and Civilisation. When the story of the base treachery and foul immoralities of the Russian Court circles comes to be told in all its fullness, the Democracies will shudder at the things done in the name of Kingship and under the curtain of corruption. Roumania was promised support in men and material. Those promises were never kept. On the contrary, troops intended for the Roumanian front were deliberately diverted elsewhere; whilst the Russian people—patriotic, faithful, trusting to the righteousness of the cause, ready to play their part in defeating the foe—knew nothing of what was going on. They believed in the Czar; they trusted their rulers—with the result, as we know, that when the awakening came Revolution was as inevitable as it was easy. No throne could stand which was built on dishonesty and maintained in an atmosphere of false sanctity—an atmosphere reeking with lust and corruption. With a Czarina besotted of that foul and lecherous humbug Rasputin, with the Royal "ladies" clamouring for the privilege of wearing as their bed apparel the unwashed shirts of

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IS DEATH REVEALED.

EDITOR.

this unclean priest—with intrigue, immorality, lying, slandering, treacherous plottings and pro-German plans playing like lightning around the personality of the Czar, is it to be wondered that Russia's position at last became fraught with peril—her place in the Allied scheme of war doubtful and menacing?

Kitchener's Mission.

Well, by June last most of these horrid truths had become known, and to the Court and Government of the Czar it was that Lord Kitchener turned his thoughts. He realised the need for closer touch with the Russian armies, he suspected what was happening in Petrograd. And what man more fitted to deal with so dangerous and delicate a situation than the great War Secretary of Britain? He undertook the mission gladly. There was danger—he knew that; there were serious questions to settle—he realised the need for immediate action. But it was of the irony of things that just at this time the little men in Parliament—all ignorant of the true state of affairs—should once more be barking at his heels. The plot of November, 1915, to frustrate which he went to the near East *with the seals of office in his pocket*, had been scotched by revelations in the Press. The nation's indignation had frightened the plotters, and for seven months there had been silence. But now once more the carpers and the belittlers were raising their squeaky voices, and Kitchener, like the man he was, did what no political Minister had ever suggested or dared—he invited his critics to meet him in private, to say and do their worst. Those M.P.s who accepted that big-hearted invitation will never forget the occasion. If they went to curse, they remained to praise. The soldier whom they had represented as pig-headed and small-hearted, the Minister whose strong, silent ways had been used to his despite, won them by the simple manliness of his nature and the quiet candour of his speech. He told them much which at that time could not have been revealed to the public. He trusted them, and he took them into his confidence. What is more, he told them of his mission to Russia. Now, we know some of the names of the people who were present at that last gathering, and we know how little some of those political blabbers and platform screamers could be trusted to keep their own counsel. How far their indiscretions may have assisted in disclosing information which should have been kept secret with the silence of the grave, I know not; I know there was *some* indiscretion—some "swanking" of special knowledge—whilst all the time the foul, deliberate and calculated treachery of Petrograd was in progress.

The Tragedy.

And treachery never had an easier task. Those who were ceaselessly plotting at the Court of the Romanoffs to defeat the aims of the Allies and win a Judas victory for the Kaiser, saw the instrument for the undoing of Britain's work delivered into their hands. Patriot and pro-German were in the same councils; the Russians who were working for the real and lasting good of Russia were colleagued by men who conveyed private documents and information to Potsdam, and revealed the most treasured secrets to the creatures of the Kaiser. The hand that fired the great arsenal of Russia and so stopped the "steam-roller" at a crucial moment was the hand which gave the warnings of the approaching voyage of Lord Kitchener. The men who betrayed Roumania, who deceived Japan, and who finally made Revolution inevitable, knew that Britain was sending her greatest son to Petrográd; and they determined to strike what they thought would be a crippling blow to Britain—they believed that the death of Kitchener would sorely depress our war spirit, and help to infuse the poison of despondency into the national heart. Little need to retell the story of that fateful voyage—of the great storm which raged over the northern waters, but still failed to deter our hero; of the obvious dangers that compelled the return of the escorting destroyers—Kitchener refusing to return with them; of the explosion which occurred within an hour of leaving port—call it infernal bomb or mine, or what you will; of the tragedy of death—the irreparable loss and blinding sorrow. If nothing else justified the Russian Revolution, the treachery which caused the death of Britain's war hero is well repaid in the fall of the creatures and schemers who made possible the murder of Lord Kitchener. Why has all this mystery been permitted to surround the blackest crime of the war? *Why cannot we have the report of the Official Inquiry into the loss of the "Hampshire"?*

A Threatened Outrage.

But one thing the plotters misunderstood—one thing they miscalculated. They might use the explosive bomb to shatter the cruiser and kill the great man; they could not murder his spirit or rob us of the mighty influence of his memory and example. To-day, when his prophecy of a three years' war is nearing its fulfilment—we, as a People, remain firm and unshaken in our confidence that the victory is ours—firm in the faith that we are fighting for great ends, determined—unalterably determined—not to be robbed by the slim diplomat or the artful demagogue of the legitimate fruits of our sacrifice; and, above all, equally resolved to continue to the end in that temper of British strength and patriotic enthusiasm which was typical of the manhood and temperament of the dead hero. We who live must avenge his death by bringing the foe down into the dust of defeat. Above all, we must cherish and protect the honour and glory of Kitchener's name. As I write, it is announced that Ramsay Macdonald and some of his crew are to receive official permission to visit Russia. In the name of common decency—of all that is fitting and right—we protest. It is all very well to talk about the safety valve of public discussion. We want no poisonous element in the already distracted councils of our harassed Ally. *And there is such a thing as private talk.* I say deliberately that if the Government commits this crowning blunder and allows these men—on almost the anniversary of Kitchener's cruel fate—to start for Russia, MAY HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF!

PROFITEERS—AND LIARS.

BAINSBURY'S SELF-ACCUSING CIRCULAR TO MANAGERS.

A little late in the day, but better late than never, we have an opportunity to put before the customers of Mr. John Sainsbury and the public generally the mendacious circular which was issued to the managers of his branches on the eve of last year's Budget. This is how it read: "Stamford House, Blackfriars, London, April 4th, 1917. The Manager, Sir, Important. Owing to the increased Budget duties and the uncertainty of the present values, please withdraw the following goods from sale until further notice. Tell your customers we are sold out for the time being, and put the tins out of sight: Cocoa, 1s. 6d. and 1s. 4d., Chocolate, 1s., Coffee, 1s. 6d. and 1s. Sugar—add halfpenny per pound to all sugars. Branch Management Department." This outrageous document speaks for itself, and there is little need to comment on it. In order to make the utmost food profits, in order to screw the last possible halfpenny out of a public already sufficiently plundered, Sainsburys not only lie barefacedly, but instruct the staff to lie. It is the most audacious example of public pocket-picking in broad daylight which has come to our notice in all our documentary experience of the Food Problem.

SCOTLAND'S FIRST V.C.

EDINBURGH NEWSPAPER-SELLER'S SAD PLIGHT.

George Wilson, newspaper seller in the streets of Edinburgh, was the first Scot to win the V.C. in this war. In these columns we printed a poem about his exploits. A machine-gun was dealing death among his comrades when Wilson walked out into the open towards it, killed some of the Huns, and made prisoners of others. But the gun opened fire a second time, and a second time Wilson crossed the Valley of Death, killed an officer and some more men, took the others prisoners, and brought them in—with the gun. He was wounded subsequently, came home, and then returned to the front. He became crippled with rheumatics and he was gassed. Discharged from the Army, he went back to his corner and his newspapers. But the Corporation took him in hand and started to train him at a Farm Colony. He was beaten by frost and heavy work; he went into a comb factory, but the dust and confinement told on his shattered health, and that indomitable heart of his was conquered at last. They took him into a city hospital, and there he lies—with one shilling a day deducted from his small pension for hospital charges. It is mean, but, we suppose, the rule. However, we suggest Edinburgh can do something better than that for as gallant a Scot as ever fought his country's foe. Private George Wilson, unbeatable by hordes of Germans, is beaten now by bad health. It should be the proud privilege of Edinburgh to see to it that he lacks no aid, no comfort, no support, in his hour of need. The Fair City has a fine opportunity to do honour unto itself.

CLERKS AT THE WAR OFFICE.

URGENT NEED FOR A REDISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.

The War Office employs, at Imperial House, a number of civilian clerks. Some are men totally rejected as unfit; others are of the A and B Classes, and these latter get the bigger salaries. They are, presumably, "indispensable," but their work is of a kind that any decent clerk could do. They should be combed out, and their positions filled by unfit men and discharged soldiers. One civilian clerk, twice rejected, volunteered for war work of any kind, and was sent to Imperial House. His salary is, and has been for two years, £1 11s. 6d. weekly; with bonus and overtime it is possible to earn nearly 45s. He now does the work of a man who was paid £2 10s. and 1s. 2d. per hour overtime, but his own wage remains unaltered. In other parts of the same building are Class A men getting over £200 a year, instead of doing their proper duty in the ranks. The War Office, it seems, might rake over its own departments, with benefit to married men with families on scanty salaries, to ex-soldiers who might well be employed, to "indispensables" easily dispensed with for the purposes of serving their country properly, and to itself as the particular Office that should count the war as its first concern.

THE CONSCIENCE CADS.

PAMPERED PRISONERS AT PRINCETOWN.

The Conscientious Objects at Princetown have been described by the Under-Secretary to the Home Office as being "neither soldiers nor prisoners." The definition is just. Some recent arrivals were conveyed from Yelverton Junction, a distance of five miles, in a wagonette—being too lazy to walk. At Bristol an Object, licensed out to work for a baker, quarrelled and fought with a fellow-workman, whereupon the Tribunal very properly decided that "if the man could fight a co-employee he could fight a German"—a principle worthy of wider extension. On the whole, it is noticeable that the Objects have made by no means a good impression upon those with whom they have come in contact during their sojourn at Dartmoor or elsewhere. While wounded men are re-called to the Colours and invalids pressed into military service, it is more of a scandal than ever that these able-bodied shirkers should be permitted to skulk in security at home.

A VETERAN'S COMPLAINT.

SOLDIER'S PENSION AND GUARDIANS' BILL.

A sergeant in the Manchester Regiment, a member of the old Regular Army, who went out to France with the first Expeditionary Force in August, 1914, makes his appeal to us in circumstances that will command general sympathy. He explains that in October, 1915, after he had been 14 months at the Front, his wife suffered a mental breakdown, being removed to the Severalls Asylum under the control of the Colchester Guardians, and her separation allowance stopped as from the date of her admission. Not unnaturally the soldier assumed that the allowance had been allocated to the Colchester Union in respect of the patient's maintenance; but a few months ago—in February, 1917—he was astonished to receive from the Guardians a bill for £38 18s. 8d., representing the cost of his wife's keep and certain incidental expenses up to December 31st of last year. "Please let me hear," wrote the Clerk to the Union, "what you propose doing as to repaying these and future expenses, so that I can put the matter before the Guardians." Of course the poor fellow can do nothing. As a matter of fact, he is himself ruined in health as an outcome of his prolonged services in the trenches, his pension amounting to a paltry 5s. a week. Let the Guardians send in their bill to the War Office, and leave the poor soldier free to solve the problem of his own maintenance.

A GRACELESS PROCEEDING.

INSURANCE COMPANY AND SOLDIER'S WIFE.

We can hardly congratulate the British Legal and United Provident Assurance Company upon its generosity. Prior to his enlistment, a Darlington gardener took out a small life policy with them, securing the sum of £50, but after the man had joined the Army the wife found it difficult to keep up the premium payments. In these circumstances she wrote to the Head Office asking for a little time, offering to pay interest. Though fully aware of the circumstances, the Company declined this reasonable proposal. "I have to inform you," wrote the District Manager to whom the letter had been handed, "that the above premium must be paid immediately if you wish to keep the policy in force. . . . As the days of grace have elapsed, it is necessary something be done without delay." On the strength of this intimation, the good wife managed to scrape together the money—13s. 3d.—and, six days later, the premium was paid and the receipt of the local agent obtained. Then it was that the Company behaved in a manner devoid of justification or excuse. They actually went back on the letter of their District Manager, refused to recognise their agent's receipt, and declined to accept the premium. Ignoring the man's patriotic services, and the wife's brave struggle to "carry on" in his absence, they would not vary this harsh decision, and finally the insured was forced to accept a sum of £2 18s. 4d., the estimated "surrender value." Even if this course were legally justifiable, no censure is too strong for a Company thus harshly pressing its technical claims in such circumstances.

THE CHEWING INSTINCT

THE Chewing Instinct is present from infancy. It is Nature's way of demanding exercise for the strengthening of the jaws and development of the teeth! The strengthening process demands chewing, which also raises blood pressure and imparts a sense of well-being.

In battle Marshall Saxe always sucked a lead bullet.

To-day our Tommies recognise the benefits of Chewing—not *lead*—but Wrigleys—worth its weight in *Gold*. The fact that millions of packets are supplied to the troops and Hospitals is sufficient evidence of its sterling worth.

2½d. per packet of 5 bars.

Remember it Aids Digestion, Relieves Fatigue and Thirst, Sweetens and Cleanses the Palate.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

WRIGLEYS, Ltd., London, S.E. 1.

A Great Appeal

for

5,000 Boys of about 18 years

WIRELESS OPERATORS are required without one moment's delay for various branches of the National Services and the Mercantile Marine. Posts are waiting to be filled. It is imperative that Wireless Operators be trained at once

FREED FROM MILITARY SERVICE

Young men attending Day Classes at this School may be relieved of liability of military service until they have had time to qualify for a Certificate of Proficiency in Wireless Telegraphy and have obtained a position as Wireless Operator

The N.B. Wireless Schools are the recognised largest and most efficient training centre in Great Britain. Success has followed success with our students. For these reasons great pressure is being put on this School by the National Authorities to train at once a very large number of operators

DAY CLASSES

These Classes are held in our Training Institutes in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dundee. Students may attend at any of these centres. Training is rapid and complete

POSTAL COURSE

Boys who desire to learn Wireless while staying at home may do so by joining our Special Postal Course. This gives a rare opportunity of studying a science as a hobby

For the terms and other particulars write at once to the Superintendent

N.B. WIRELESS SCHOOLS Ltd

Glasgow 206, Bath St. Edinburgh 48, George Sq. Dundee Melville House.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 19.

When work is a strain and the brain won't respond

A SLACKENING flow of ideas—inability to grasp and retain important facts—hesitancy—uncertainty—irresoluteness—brain fag.

How often have you felt like this? Work no longer a pleasure—business a constant worry.

The causes for such fatigue and exhaustion are many: Lack of pure fresh air, overwork, malnutrition, with a consequent exhaustion of the nerve centres and nervous system.

The main guiding principle of the modern preservation of health may be said "to prevent." It is better to think in good time, "What CAN I do for my health?" than to one day have to say, "What MUST I do for my sickness?"

While there is time it behoves you to put your bodily "house in order." Do not make the serious mistake of waiting until illness is knocking at the door with the signs of nervous breakdown.

In the light of modern scientific research, nerve restoration is not to be found in drugs, "tonics" or stimulants, but in nourishing and so revitalising the weakened nerve centres by a special nutrition.

LIBERAL TRIAL SUPPLY ON REQUEST.

The Muller Nutrient is a concentrated tonic nerve cell food, identical in character with the natural nutrient the Brain and Nerve cells live upon.

It has great reconstructive value in cases of mental and physical exhaustion, and unlike tonics which may create rapid but only temporary improvement, its good effects are LASTING.

The Nutrient being wholly and solely a food, and eaten like ordinary food, there can be no injurious after effects, which are so apparent where tonics and drugs are used. You can take the Nutrient for as long as you like, and feel confident that only good can result.

Your whole being depends on the condition of your nervous system. Any organ of the body may fail immediately the nerves connected with it become impoverished or weakened.

THE strenuous life, no matter what your occupation, demands an extraordinarily high working capacity of the nerve and physical powers. If you have over-worked, your nerves become "starved" and used up, and you cannot possibly perform your duties competently and efficiently. You lose all self-confidence, become worried and nervy, and expend more than the normal quantity of nervous and mental force. This trouble in time becomes cumulative and increases as time goes on.

No permanent improvement can be looked for by resorting to drugs and medicines, but what is needed is a nerve nutriment which corresponds to the essential element the overworked and degenerated cells have lost, that can be absorbed into the brain, spinal centres and the whole nervous system.

Active brain workers who frequently suffer from weak concentration, defective memory, lack of will power, distaste for continued work, brain fag or cloudy thinking, will find that the Muller Nutrient (which is eaten or masticated like ordinary food) will dispel these symptoms by nourishing the brain with the precious food substances it imperatively requires, thus renewing its mental freshness and vitality.

The effect of this preparation over a period of six weeks is generally remarkable—a clearer brain, concentration becomes easier, no trouble in consecutive thinking, more physical vigour, and a more optimistic view of life.

If you would like to test the Muller Nutrient, an introductory supply sufficient for seven days will be sent for six stamps. This offer is intended to be taken advantage of once only, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send your name and address direct to 555, Muller Laboratories, Ltd., Scientific Food Specialists, 144, Albany Street, London, and the package will be sent post free in plain sealed cover.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boot's Branches and from all good class Chemists in the United Kingdom.

NOTICE.
A Guaranteed British Product under British Control and Ownership.

THE Dr. Muller Nutrient
Free from Baneful Drugs
The True Nerve Restorative

Price from 2/6 a Box of all good Chemists. Superior to all Nerve Foods in "Powder" Form.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 19.

SONG OF THE PROFITEER.

Some people declaim on the blessings of peace,
But not many tradesmen, I'll warrant,
Because it would mean, should hostilities cease,
A fall in the prices now current.
Some tradesmen, I know, are less happily placed
Than those whom I have in my mind—
Their vanishing trade to the war can be traced,
So to peace they are strongly inclined.

But we're most of us having a glorious time,
Though not winning very much glory;
By some profiteering is reckoned a crime,
Like murder, though rather less gory.
Such persons are really too moral for words—
What for is a chance but to take?
To scorn golden gain would be simply absurd,
So we're pulling it in with a rake!

Kept safe by the lads who are fighting abroad
And dying in thousands, I'm told,
The profiteer gloats on the growth of his hoard
Of Bradburys (equal to gold).
The soldiers' dependents must purchase or starve—
Perhaps rotten luck for the buyer—
So out of their helplessness fortunes we earn
By pushing the prices up higher!

On price regulations we smile with disdain,
A challenge they are to our cunning,
And when against tradesmen, in matter of brain,
The Government's not in the running.
Remember potatoes—sold only for seed,
My hat! what a game! what a game!
At fourpence a pound you can have a good feed,
If you buy on the quiet and are tame.

One great institution we profiteers bless,
So great is the debt that we owe it,
And that, you have doubtless surmised, is the Press,
Though pressmen ignore, if they know, it.
We watch it for mention of substitute foods,
Which are fairly cheap at the time,
Then lay in a heavie. stock of the goods
And wait for the p.ices to climb!

Then here's to the war that is making us rich,
While it takes the last copper from others,
And long may the Germans defend their last ditch
And frustrate our khaki-clad brothers!
If fighting continues a year or two more
No profiteer's joy will it mar,
We'll each have a bungalow built by the shore,
And run our own high-power car!

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

ANOTHER GEM FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Everybody what's seen it says I am it, but as I am going to patent it for much millions, I must tell nobody, as my brother says you would get there before me. I have a model magnet 2 inches long which needles fly to which I am going to make 5 miles long near the coast, so when a German submarine gets within 100 miles from my magnet it flies through the air to my scheme, and is caught fairly against my magnet, and this will soon end this horrible war. Don't tell anybody as my friend told me I couldn't trust you."

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NORTH MAIL":—
"While they (two doctors) were wrangling as to whose duty it was, the patient SUCCUMBED WITHOUT MEDICAL AID."

"EVENING NEWS":—
"Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, and the Thanet towns are THRONGED WITH HOLIDAY-MAKERS . . . Even sunny Brighton had FAILED TO ATTRACT, and trains from Victoria left comparatively empty."

"NORTHERN DAILY MAIL":—
"Thomas Weeks, of Ticehurst, Sussex, who will be 100 WEEKS OLD next month, is cultivating a 10-rod allotment without any help. Last year he went hop-picking."

"YORKSHIRE OBSERVER":—
Mr. Edgar Wood, coroner for the district, held an inquest . . . on the body of ——, who was KILLED ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY . . . The jury returned a verdict of 'FOUND DROWNED.'"

"BURTON DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Lost . . . PINK LADY'S PURSE."

"EASTERN DAILY PRESS" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, Work, House, Handy Man; temperance; character; TAKE ANYTHING."

A.B.C. RAILWAY GUIDE (May):—
"Highlandman (PERTH) . . . Station temporarily closed. Nearest Station CARDIFF."

My Feet are Just Aching for "TIZ."

"How glorious, how grand TIZ makes tired, swollen, sore, perspiring feet feel."

"It's just wonderful the relief TIZ gives!"

When you get home from the factory, just take your shoes off, and then put those weary, aching, burning feet of yours in a TIZ bath. The pain ceases at once, and the relief comes as a tremendous joy!

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try TIZ. It's grand—it's glorious. Also you will find it takes all pain from corns, hard skin, bunions, and chilblains.

There's nothing like TIZ. It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet become; how comfortable your shoes feel. Standing all day won't tire you then one little bit. And be generous! Send a box to your boy at the Front—*he* needs TIZ as much as you do.

"THE FOOD-BEVERAGE OF THE PEOPLE."
Vi-Cocoa—delicious, sustaining, invigorating.
6d., 9d. & 1/6 Packets.
Vi-Cocoa Watford

150 to 200 EGGS PER BIRD EACH YEAR

The Government's action regarding the supply of corn to the Poultry Keepers was made necessary because waste to the extent of £30,000,000 per annum, due to keeping cross-bred, barn-door unfertile fowls was proved.

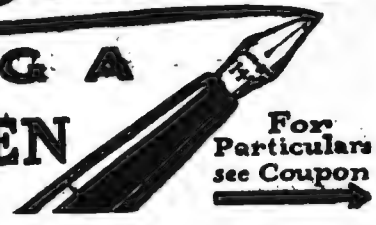
¶ Why not keep prolific egg-producing birds—birds that will lay from 150 to 200 eggs per annum—on the same scraps and make a profit?

¶ If you have an empty shed or spare ground, serve your country and pay your rent by Poultry Keeping.

¶ For full explanatory booklet, etc., send penny stamp to

ADAMS & LINKIE
(Dept. "J.B."),
BRITAIN'S LARGEST POULTRY FARM,
Romanno Bridge, West Linton, Scotland.

Economise BY USING A JOHN BULL PEN



For Particulars see Coupon

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
(June 9, 1917.)
P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull," Ltd. and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1915.*

An Official "Inexactitude."

Mr. Macpherson, M.P., must learn his job. The other day, in the House, he denied that an Order had been issued prohibiting leave for home service men, yet we have had sent to us Command Orders reading: "No week-end leave is to be granted except in very special circumstances. Units must bear in mind that any leave or pass which interferes with the training on Saturday or Monday must be at once discontinued." What says Mr. Macpherson now?

Are We Down-hearted?

Netheravon is in the middle of Salisbury Plain, being 15 miles from the nearest town and six miles from a railway station. Up till recently, the men were allowed on Saturday afternoons to hire cars and have a ride to Salisbury or Bulford. Now some kind-hearted brass-cap has decreed that those joy-rides must cease, and the only happiness the men have consists in listening to a tinny old gramophone musically asking "Are we Down-hearted?"

What a Load!

The other day a battalion at Barnes was granted a Canadian field kitchen—an affair as big as a gun-carriage with limber attached, which it takes two horses or mules to haul. The Captain responsible ordered six men to take a hand-cart up to Barnes station and bring the apparatus to the camp! The poor fellows nearly fainted when they saw the load—and had to come back without it.

One for JOHN BULL.

We welcome the numerous letters from the men in Catterick Camp, thanking us for the improvements which have just been made, owing to our constant representations. As one joyful cripple writes, "All the boys are now singing the praises of JOHN BULL more loudly than ever."

A Heartless Profiteer.

The other day a score of soldiers started off on a picnic, carrying with them sandwiches, tea and sugar. They bivouacked in that neat little village, Gunthwaite Spa, where they called at a farm and asked the housewife to boil some water and provide milk. She did so, and helped them to make the tea—for which service she charged the men 6s. 6d. We wonder whether she herself has any relative or friend serving in the ranks.

Bad News From Blackpool.

As it is practically impossible to obtain leave at present, it is difficult to understand why a bar should be placed against wives who wish to visit their husbands in camp. An Order has, however, been issued in the R.A.M.C. Depôt at Blackpool, forbidding N.C.O.s and men to bring their wives and families there without obtaining permission. It adds that if permission is granted the wives and kiddies must not be accommodated in the billeting area of the Company in question without special leave. It is hardly in accordance with British traditions that our soldiers' wives should thus be forbidden to see their husbands, who may be sent overseas at any time.

Snuffling Sanctimony.

A number of Bournemouth "ladies" have, we understand, written to a high authority complaining that on Sundays our sick and wounded soldiers stroll and sit about conspicuous parts of the town, instead of attending divine worship—wherefore an Order has been issued laying down that no soldier will be allowed to leave the hospital on the Sabbath before 12 noon, except for the purpose of attending church or chapel. If the piety of a "few righteous" can still save a town, Bournemouth ought to be all right when the brimstone-and-fire shower descends.

Are They Forgotten?

A very large number of pensioned Chief Writers and Ships' Stewards were called up when war broke out, but we are assuree that not one promotion has taken placd among them, although several have been strongly recommended for it. Why should the Accountant branch be passed over when favours are being issued to other departments?

A Matter of Pay.

The letters "D.A.M.S." signify Defensive Armed Merchant Ships. They might, however, be taken to describe the language of the Naval and Marine gunners on these vessels when discussing their treatment in the matter of pay. Sometimes they have to go for weeks without any money, and at the best are paid in dribs and drabs, having to kick their heels in the offices at the ports waiting for it. This should not be; the labourer is worthy of his hire, and should get his money on the nail.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

"SUBALTERN" (Kensington).—As you suffer from partial deafness in both ears, you come under Class 6, which means "disability under 20 per cent.," and are entitled to a gratuity not exceeding £100.

MRS. S. H. (Londonderry).—The pensions for yourself and children should have taken effect from the day following the death of your husband. A gratuity equivalent to two months' pension should be paid to you for the first month, in addition.

"HAPPY JACK" (Hackney).—Having lost four fingers of your right hand, you are entitled to 11s. a week.

"SERGEANT-MAJOR" (Bulford).—As you are suffering from total deafness, your pension when you are sent to civilian life will be 29s. 9d. a week.

MRS. J. B. (Perth).—Injuries to the head or brain, which result in total permanent disablement, entitle the private to a weekly pension of 27s. 6d.

M. F. (Walthamstow).—You should see the local Pensions Officer and place your case before him. On the death of your husband you were entitled to the £3 you mention.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

An Exceptionally Sad Case.

The hand of death descended with terrible weight on a humble tenement in a West-end mews, the home of a soldier. Some few weeks ago two children died, victims of the present epidemic of measles. Last week two more lay dead through the same malady, and another little one was at the door of death, her case being complicated by pneumonia. Staggered by this terrible load of grief, it was not surprising that the poor mother was almost demented. The neighbours were kind, as neighbours in mean streets always are, and did what they could to comfort the afflicted woman. In their desire to help, they naturally remembered JOHN BULL. No time was lost in our visiting the home and rendering the necessary financial help. The Police authorities had cabled to France to obtain leave from the trenches for the soldier-father, and steps had been taken to remove the little sufferer to the Infirmary. The mother and her neighbours called down blessings upon JOHN BULL and the subscribers to our Fund. This was possibly the most poignant case of terrible distress we have encountered since we first appealed for "Mrs. Tommy," and we earnestly invite our readers to ear-mark help for this poor mother. She has four remaining children, the eldest 14 years.

Helping the Helpless.

The Government scheme of pensions is undoubtedly the most generous on record, but much is left to be desired. We regret to note the number of broken soldiers, on inadequate pensions, who appeal to us from workhouses for assistance to help them to become kerbstone merchants and hawkers. Of course in every proved case we come to the rescue, but it is sad to think that the most sanguine hope of men who offer their services for the honour of the Flag and become crippled in consequence should be to become gutter vendors.

Human Kindness.

Some weeks ago we mentioned the case of "Little Dorrit"—a soldier's orphan child of 15, who has charge of five brothers and sisters and who acts the part of mother well. We are glad to say that a number of our readers sent money for the benefit of this little heroine, and are pleased that we have also received—amongst others—a letter from a big-hearted naval man, inquiring concerning the identity of the child and promising to send her a weekly sum until the war is over. We also gladly acknowledge several further contributions for the benefit of the poor woman who was mentioned by us under the heading "A Sad Case."

"Women and Children First."

We thank the kind donors of parcels of clothing, while regretting that the supply does not meet the demand. We make a special appeal on behalf of the women and youngsters.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"A Servant," 4s.; Part proceeds of Collection at Smoking Concert at Hythe School of Musketry (per T. B. C.), £2 15s. 6d.; Contents of Swear-Box, Officers' of Ward Room Mess, Minesweeper 9.0.3, 11s.; J. M. (H.M.S. *New Zealand*), 3s. 6d.; A. S., 11d.; Weekly Collection, A.S.C.C., 14s.; "10,266," 5s.; N.C.O.'s Mess, 23rd Inf. Labour Coy., Queen's R.W.S. Regt., £3 4s. 8½d.; T. S., 5s.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. M. (S. Norwood), 1s; E. H. F. M. (Keswick), 5s.; L. E. M. (Finchley), 5s.; "Congletonian," 12s.; Machine Gunners, D. Coy., 2nd East Surreys, 10s.; "Twenty-fourth," 5s.; "A Reader of JOHN BULL," 5s.; Miss W. (Twickenham), 1s.; "A Soldier on Active Service," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Alice," 2s. 6d.; "An Old Scotch Widow," 2s. 6d.; T. P. (Follifoot), 2s. 6d.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; "Jack and Mother," 2s. 6d.; "South Goodwin Lt.," 1s. 6d.; E. M. M., £1; "J.," £5; H. B. I., 2s.; J. S. (Londonderry), 6s.; E. G. (Denting), 1s.; per T. W., £1 10s.; "Goodwill," 1s.; E. L. S. (Northampton), 10s.; Mrs. S. (Smethwick), 1s.; F. E. M. (Swindon), 1s.; H. W. C., 5s.; "Clawton Bridge," 1s.; Pte. C., 1s.; "Lt. Batt. League of Justice," 10s.; "Geo.'s Nancy," 2s. 6d.; "Bulletite," 3s. 6d.; W. G. D. (Forest Gate), 1s.; E. A. B., 4s.; Pte. W. B., 7d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; Anon., 1s.; A Few Invalided Soldiers and Sailors, York Gallery, Brompton Hospital, 2s.; W. H., £10 10s.; "Daddy's Boy," 2s. 6d. "Jap," 10s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £5; Mrs. A. R. (Twickenham), 2s. 6d.; A. J. W. (E. Grinstead), 2s.; "Grateful Woman," 2s. 6d.; A. V. (India), 1s.; T. L. (Birkenhead), 5s.; E. J. S., 3d.; M. M. M., 1s.; "One of 'Em" (France), 2s.; "Fred," 2s.; J. B. S., 5s.; Gnr. H. B. R., 8d.; S. A. N., (Devonport), 1s. 6d.; M. M., 3s. 1d.; L. L. W., 1s.; "Sapper," 1s.; W. H. M., 6d.; "Lightning Jerker," 6d.; E. M. S. (Clifton), £1 1s.; Anon, 5s.; Mrs. G. (U.S.A.), £1 16s. 9d.

The ERASMIC SHAVING STICK

Gives a full rich lather.
Softens the stiffest beard.
Helps the razor.
Ensures a clean shave.
British and best.

"ERASMIC" Perfumers LONDON & PARIS.

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.

Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

Strong Rooms for the safe custody of deeds and other property provided for the use of the Bank's Customers.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold on behalf of customers and the public generally.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.

Accounts can be opened by any responsible person. 2½% interest paid on approved credit balances.

Call or Write for Special Booklet.

All descriptions of Banking Business, including the Collection of Bills, Dividends, Annuities, etc., transacted.

Foreign Money Exchanged and Drafts issued to all parts of the world.

Head Office: 1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

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Spinet THE SUPER CIGARETTE

Soothing as an Old Time Melody

Fine Old Virginia. Cork-Tipped. Ovals.

1/3 per tin of 20 3/1½ per box of 50

The I.C.S. TRAINED Man WINS

A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FREE

TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

The country wants trained men and women to help win the War.

When Peace comes there will be a great trade boom in this country; thousands of trained men and women will be needed if Britain is to take full advantage of it.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations in which they can be of service to their country.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LTD.
189, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Munition Work	—Coal & Metal Mining
—Business Training	—Mechanical Engineering
—Book-Keeping	—Draughtsmanship
—Salesmanship	—Electrical Engineering
—Shorthand-Typewriting	—Architecture & Building
—Shopkeeping	—Marine Engineering
—Advertising	—Steam Engineering
—Boiler Engineering	—Woodworking
—Gas Power Engineering	—Textile Manufacturing
—Motor Engineering	—Wireless Telegraphy
—Industrial Chemistry	—Electric Lighting and Traction
—Poultry Farming	
—Careers for Men	—Careers for Women

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 19.

See that Iron-mould Stain?

One touch of Movol and it entirely disappears. Movol is a wonderful preparation that entirely banishes every sign of iron-mould.

TRADE MARK
MOVOL
Regd

Removes Iron-mould, Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc. Contains no acids and does not harm the daintiest fabric in any way. A thimbleful in the rinsing water removes the **yellow tinge** from fine linen. *From Chemists, Stores, Grocers, etc., in 6d. and 1/- tubes.* **If you cannot obtain, send 1/2 for large trial tube to W. EDGE & SONS, LTD., Bolton, Lancs.**

THE HUMAN MACHINE.

The human machine is like other machines in that it requires constant attention and the *right lubricant* to keep it clean and always efficient. Nature has provided the essentials, not in drugs, but in beneficial vegetable growths such as are used in the manufacture of Page Woodcock's Pills. These famous Pills, because of their purely vegetable origin, are the finest correctives one can take, acting solely on the alimentary organs, they keep the stomach, bowels, liver, and kidneys active, regular and sound, preventing constipation, sick headaches, flatulence, biliousness, heartburn, and all those ills which are direct symptoms of clogged and overburdened digestive organs. Page Woodcock's Pills for over sixty years have been the people's greatest and most reliable family remedy, keeping the old young and the young more youthful. Try a course for yourself, and you will sleep soundly o'nights and rise bright and cheerful. Of all Chemists and Stores, in boxes, 1s. 3d. and 3s.—[ADVT.].

BEST BRITISH BICYCLES.

Write now for my Lists of Bicycle Bargains.—**PREMIERS, HUMBERS, CENTAURS, SWIFTS, TRIUMPHS, ROVERS, RAGLANS, COURT ROYALS, &c.** The cream of the Coventry makes from £5 cash (*Maker's price £10 10s.*) Easy payments to suit your own pockets. Ten days' approval. Money saving lists and expert advice free from **GEORGE KING, Ltd.**, The Great Cycle Depot, **COVENTRY.** Half shop price

"PYLITNA."

Hemorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by an external remedy.

"PYLITNA POWDERS,"

taken in a little warm milk or water, are a genuine effective cure. Guaranteed harmless to the system. Of all Chemists and Stores at 3s. per box, or post free from—

"PYLITNA," 3, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.1.

Fight the Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the **cause.** It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

H. G. (London) and OTHERS.—You will see that *we, at any rate*, are not being hoodwinked over the Lords' amendments to the Enemy Princes Bill.

R. McC. (Donaghaddee) says he loves to read the truths which we write. Ah, if he could only read the truths which we are not allowed to write. For example, the German submarine menace is now (deleted by Censor).

W. M. (Eastchurch).—Our proposed "Blue and Khaki League" is quite distinct from our "Greatest of These—" Fund.

F. B. P. (Crowborough Common).—You cannot truthfully number us with "the Army of railers who do nothing else but rail," for practically every suggestion we have offered the Government since the outbreak of war has been adopted—at long last.

"DISGUSTED" (Corfe Castle).—German prisoners employed on farms caught extracting the eyes from seed potatoes should be treated in the same way. But having heard the story from such various sources, we are inclined to think it's only a rumour.

J. K. (Castledawson).—Sugar may be a luxury for old people, and something worse for diabetic subjects, but for children it is a prime necessity. Your physiology wants polishing up, else you would have known this. We are sorry for your young children if you make them go sugarless.

"JACK" (Immingham). — No doubt "conscript" is used as a term of reproach against those compulsorily called up under the Military Service Acts, but the reproach is very often unjust. Not every conscript has been a dodger.

"HOUSEHOLDER" (Epping).—War bread seems to be upsetting the internal arrangements of a great many people. If you have pains in the *embonpoint*, see a doctor.

"BOURNEMOUTH."—"Sometime when you want something to fill up ——" Personally, it happens about dinner-time; journalistically, we are ever crammed.

"A FAG SMOKER."—New tax or not, Tommy in uniform ought to have his 'baccy duty free.

W. S. (Haverstock Hill).—"When the Archbishop of Canterbury disapproves of reprisals, he displays ignorance of his text-book, the Bible." Yes, it is a book of texts, and Samuel the Prophet did order reprisals on Amalek. Pretty stiff ones, too.

"WOMAN OF 50" (Birkenhead).—We do not believe men of 50 will ever be conscripted for active service.

"SINCERE ADMIRER" (Heysham).—"Our boat could have sunk a U-boat, but we had to run away because our gun had been taken off, only the gun platform being left." O, the pity of it!

"HAZEMAN" (21st N. Regt.).—"Don't forget we want H. B. to be the Soldiers' and Sailors' M.P." He who bears that title will be a proud man.

F. C. (11th Batt. K.R.R.).—Glad to hear how JOHN BULL "saved the rations" of your platoon. As your letter arrives, we are busy trying to save the rations of the women and children at home.

H. F. M. (Calvert).—"Your journal is regularly devoured by the whole family." There's economy for you and, one penny only, it goes further than a Fool Economy ration.

M. T. M. (Clapham), "MERCHANT SERVICE OFFICER," and OTHERS.—Our publication of a correspondent's (W. W., Llanelly) opinion that the merchant service needs "combing out" has brought us a swarm of indignant letters from men who go down to the sea in ships and do their business in the great waters. We did not identify ourselves with W. W.'s opinion, so can calmly allow the storm to pass over our devoted head.

"CHIEF STEWARD" (Burntisland).—"Would any respectable party kindly board and lodge free, clean, tidy, elderly Edinburgh gentleman?" A lovely advert., but the nice, clean old gent who wants some "respectable party" to take him in free deserves to be—taken in.

"ANONYMOUS" (Taunton).—"I should like to see him mentioned in your paper. He is very fond of the ladies." The scamp!

J. A. B. (Birmingham).—So you think the potato famine was "mainly machined by mealy-mouthed mercenary murphy merchants," but if this is your usual style of conversation, we are sorry for your wife.

E. S. (Islington, N.).—"During the submarine menace, a thought struck me." Good job there was nothing in it.

W. G. L. (Hornsey).—That problem in "Pity the Poor Editor" about the Pigeon up the pole with a cord, has been worked out by you. Your answer is, "The Pigeon flew 61,440 miles." After that, he was fit only for "pie."

J. D. E. (Harlesden).—"Are results all arranged before the races, in private?" Yes, the horses settle them in the stable. Hence the phrase "stable secrets."

A. P. C. (Hackney).—"If the Kaiser were walking between two pretty girls, what animals would they represent?" Two deer, four calves, and a dirty dog—is that right?

"A GREENWICH WORKMAN" (Greenwich, S.E.).—Our view of the matter is that, with two bottles of ink and a copy-book, you could probably win the war.

"AN OLD NAVY MAN" (Willesden, N.W.).—Sorry we suggested that Conscientious Objects should be given dustmen's jobs. We apologise—to the dustmen.

"HIS OWN OPINION."—"According to the papers, people are suggesting doing away with trousers." What a sale there would be of safety-pins!

A. F. (Carlisle).—"The Gretna girls desire to thank you for publishing our complaint about the train service, and are glad to say this trouble is now over." Quite welcome, ladies. Carry on!

"NUMBSKULL" (London) has the notion of distributing submerged seaweed and garbage in the track of Germhun submarines, in order to jam their propellers. The First Lord of the Admiralty will please note.

M. M. I. (Clapham Common, S.W.).—The Editor gratefully accepts your "greatest respect," and presents you in return with his choicest compliments.

R. N. E. (Buenos Aires).—"You may make what use you like of my remarks." Thanks, we have inwardly digested them.

Miss N. (West Croydon).—The panel doctor certifies you unable to work through debility; but the Club grants no sick pay "because debility is not sufficient." Sheer injustice. Ask the doctor to make it something with a Latin name.

"A Cocky for Jack."—A very large number of men serving with our Fleets have applied for the cockatoo kindly offered by a reader. Will they please note that their letters have been forwarded to her, in order that she may select whom she considers to be the most fitting applicant?

A. G. (Willesden).—Your young man's photo received. He certainly has a nice way of doing his hair.

"Tuber" (Merton).—Never heard of anybody else getting up in the middle of the night to watch his potatoes grow. Wonder his wife doesn't give him beans.

E. C. (Aldershot).—Certainly no Object should get £200 a year for X-ray photography work which has been done by a non-com., aged 43, at 2s. 2d. a day. It is an insult to the wounded in the hospital.

J. B. (Penge, S.E.).—At your request, the "dunderheaded Government" are hereby "given to understand that the people will stand no half measures." As a matter of fact, to "stand" as much as a thimbleful is an offence against the law.

Gnr. W. G. F. (B.E.F.).—Our Pen Department will supply you with a silver-plated pocket clip for your John Bull Pen, if you will forward your address. The price is 3d. and 1d. postage.

A. E. S. (Dartford) claims that his son, age 2 years, is the youngest reader of John Bull. It is true he peruses the pages upside down, but the right instinct is there. What a lad he will be when he grows up!

Bentalls (Kingston) assure us that, on their "Potato Day," first come first served was their rule, "poor people and children being overwhelmingly predominant." We are glad that the right people got the murphies.

Capt. M. (London, W.C.).—It seems that if you had your way you would "kill off" nearly all our politicians, and especially the "blagard" lawyers. To judge by your spelling, your schoolmaster deserved a similar fate.

"Munition Worker" (Gretna).—You are a poor girl broken by rheumatism, five months laid up. Surely your fellow-workers will help to send you home, with a little in pocket? Say we told you to ask them.

Mary L. (Halifax).—Yes, lady competitors have proved remarkably successful in our "Bullets" competition. Recently, they have received no fewer than three out of seven first prizes of £250 each. In fact, the "weaker" sex are going strong.

J. (Dunblane).—"At the Queen Victoria School for Sons of Sailors and Soldiers, the young schoolmasters walk about in full officers' uniforms, looking for salutes." And there are said to be almost as many masters as scholars!

R. Fitz P. (19th Hussars).—Suffering from a shattered hip and three open wounds, you have to stand on one leg in the Tube because nobody offers you a seat. Say a few things, quietly at first. If non-effective, say what you think.

Miss A. J.—"You should see the fit men of military age in Manchester, in the hotels and restaurants." Hotel employees expect a tip. Ours is, "Join up."

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

NERVES

THE secret of steady nerves and of fortitude to withstand the trials and worries of the time is proper nerve nourishment.

The devoted worker is often the least sparing of nervous energy and the most easily overtaxed. For such 'Bynogen' is recommended as a pleasant, safe and efficient means of recuperation. 'Bynogen,' the special glycerophosphate nerve-food, contains organic phosphorus with concentrated milk-protein and a specially prepared extract—in a soluble form—obtained from selected whole wheat and malt.

These feed the overtaxed system and restore impaired vitality, enabling the system to resist fatigue and withstand disease.

'Bynogen' Trade Mark
Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9. 3/-. 5/- and 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
LOMBARD ST., LONDON, E.C.
B 20

The Munitions Worker

KEATING'S POWDER
KILLS BODY VERMIN FLEAS MOTH
TINS, 3d., 6d., 1/-

CATESBYS' LINO

Is the best War time and all time floor covering. Its durability saves money, and women are saved from drudgery because it needs no scrubbing. Patterns and prices free if you write Dept. 19, Catesbys, Ltd., Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Saves HOUSEWORK

The always appropriate Beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, Supper and all emergencies.

FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOA

"I feel sorry for those beetles."

There's no "fair play" clause in a box of

VERTROY Vermin Killer

There's no "dawn-of-another-day" for insects once they come into contact with Vertroy. Vertroy positively kills all insect pests and rids the home of a great germ carrier. Get a supply to-day and sprinkle it everywhere beloved of insects.....you will be surprised at the death rate. Vertroy is a sweet-smelling powder and is quite harmless to everything but insects.

Edge's, Bolton, Lancs.

Sold in 3d., 6d., 1/- and larger Boxes by all Chemists and Stores.

POST FREE OFFER

If you cannot obtain Vertroy Vermin Killer locally, send us P.O. for the full sized 1/- Box — Post Free.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in John Bull, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisements in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of the original purchase.*

2ND Prize £25 — FIRST PRIZE £250 — 3RD Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—GOING TOO FAR. Bullet:—ASKING MONEYLENDER FOR SAMPLE. Example:—BEYOND CONTROL. Bullet:—OUR PADDIES SOMETIMES. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 30th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated June 9th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 241.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR
OUT FOR A BLOW
IRISH STEW
BEYOND CONTROL
WE ALL MISS
RIPPING TIME
CATCHING BACHELOR
CUT OFF JOINT
ANNOYING GERMANY
A GOOD SUBSTITUTE
MOST UNLUCKY
THE PUSH
FEELING SORRY
CLEVER DODGE
LIVING ON TICK
HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED
FATHER'S WISH
TRYING TO SETTLE
THE BULLDOG BREED
FAVOURITE DRINK
PAYING JOB
KEEPING COOL
MOST AMUSING WHEN
PERHAPS
A FAIR COP
SOLD OUT
WORKING IN SHIFTS
SAUSAGE MEAT
GOING TOO FAR
REMAINS BEHIND
GETTING OLD
THE KAISER CAN'T

Closing Date, Thursday, June 14th.

No.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(241) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d., must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 241, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 14th.

No.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(241) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

Closing Date, Thursday, June 14th.

No.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(241) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 242. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 21st.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **242** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 242**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 242:

Irishman's Rise
When Tommy Votes
Food Profiteers
Caught In The Act
Drinking Tea
What Flapper Likes
Fancy Dress
A Direct Hit
Lucky Man
Devil To Pay
Pretty Close
There's No Telling
Father Hates
Putting It On
War Bread
The Wrong Girl
Loving Wife
Taking In Washing
How To Get Fat
Toasting The Kaiser

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the letter on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 238th 'BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. H. D. HAMILTON,
28, Normanton Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Example:—UPSIDE DOWN.
Bullet:—"SMACKS" OF CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. L. YOUNG,
49, Crimicar Lane, Sheffield.
Example:—FRIGHTENS CUTHBERT.
Bullet:—KILLING ANYTHING EXCEPT TIME.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Miss A. EVANS,
9, Heath Terrace, Leamington Spa.
Example:—MAKING MONEY FAST.
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Miss L. BROAD, 2, Lyoth Villas, Lindfield, Sussex:
PETTICOAT INFLUENCE—QUITE "TRANSPARENT" IN REVUE.

Mr. A. HAWTHORN, 61, Braemar Road, Plaistow, E. 13:
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The following have sent in correct claims:—
W. REYNOLDS, 17, Hawthorne Street, Newfound Pool, Leicester. May 12th. A261,780.
J. HANNA, 162, Hulton Street, Ordsall Park, Salford. May 12th. A126,379.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 2nd:—

000,155	294,505	582,186	899,731	A221,259
025,168	301,575	619,621	923,150	A278,131
042,893	358,047	648,543	946,312	A329,516
091,102	416,611	679,265	982,516	A354,731
126,221	437,215	694,852	A027,278	A372,150
149,207	481,369	755,008	A075,155	A435,594
173,748	496,119	781,557	A142,404	A448,370
236,240	523,348	800,456	A156,121	A482,232
258,443	559,834	849,119	A178,899	A527,568
289,709	577,484	862,278	A194,364	A542,421

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published June 13th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for June 2, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 017,688 and A414,922. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

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The full conditions governing this scheme are published in previous editions of JOHN BULL, *and will appear in the first issue of each month.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200	Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding...	£350
		Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to ...	£25
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled	£100	Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

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Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.
Signed .....
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If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form below, and forward it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 53, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

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Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT. JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day—
(Strike out one of these.)
June 9, 1917.

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....Newsagent, of ..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

.....OR.....

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week, from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

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Address .....
Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
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